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The GUARDIAN.

——Inter ſcabiem tantam & contagia—— Hor.

Tueſday, May 26. 1713.

THERE is not any where, I believe, ſo much Talk about Religion, as among us in *England*; nor do I think it poſſible for the Wit of Man to deviſe Forms of Addreſs to the Almighty, in more ardent and forcible Terms than are every where to be found in our *Book of Common Prayer*. And yet I have heard it read with ſuch a Negligence, Affectation, and Impatience, that the Efficacy of it has been apparently loſt to all the Congregation: For my part I make no ſcruple to own it, that I go ſometimes to a particular Place in the City far diſtant from my own Home, to hear a Gentleman, whoſe Manner I admire, read the Liturgy. I am perſwaded Devotion is the greateſt Pleaſure of his Soul, and there is none hear him read without the utmoſt Reverence. I have ſeen the young People who have been interchanging Glances of Paſſion to each others Perſon, checked into an Attention to the Service at the Interruption which the Authority of his Voice has given them. But the other Morning I happened to riſe earlier than ordinary, and thought I could not paſs my time better than to go upon the Admonition of the Morning Bell to the Church Prayers at ſix of the Clock. I was there the firſt of any in the Congregation, and had the Opportunity, however I made uſe of it, to look back on all my Life, and contemplate the Bleſſing and Advantage of ſuch ſtated early Hours for offering our ſelves to our Creator, and prepoſſeſs our ſelves with the Love of Him, and the Hopes we have from Him againſt the Snares of Buſineſs and Pleaſure in the enſuing Day. But whether it be that People think fit to indulge their own Eaſe in ſome ſecret, pleaſing Fault, or whatever it was, there was none at the Confeſſion but a Sett of poor Scrubs of us, who could Sin only in our Wills, whoſe Perſons could be no Temptation to one another, and might have, without Interruption from any Body elſe, humble, lowly Hearts, in frightful Looks and dirty Dreſſes, at our Leiſure. When we poor Souls had preſented our ſelves with a Contrition ſuitable to our Worthleſſneſs, ſome pretty young Ladies, in Mobbs, popped in here and there about the Church, clattering the Pew Door after them, and ſquatting into a Whiſper behind their Fans. Among others one of Lady *Lizard*'s Daughters, and her hopeful Maid, made their Entrance; the young Lady did not omit the ardent Form behind the Fan, while the Maid immediately gaped round her to look for ſome other devout Perſon, whom I ſaw at a Diſtance very well dreſſed; his Air and Habit a little Military, but in the Pertneſs not the true Poſſeſſion of the Martial Character. This Jackanapes was fixed at the end of a Few with the utmoſt Impudence, declaring, by a fixed Eye on that Seat, (where our Beauty was placed) the Object of his Devotion. This obſcene Sight gave me all the Indignation imaginable, and I could attend to nothing but the Reflection, that the greateſt Affronts imaginable are ſuch as no one can take notice of. Before I was out of ſuch vexatious Inadvertencies to the Buſineſs of the Place, there was a great deal of good Company now come in. There was a good number of very Janty Slatterns, who gave us to underſtand, that it is neither Dreſs or Art to which they were beholden for the Towns Admiration. Beſides theſe, there were alſo by this time arrived two or three Setts of Whiſperers, who carry on moſt of their Calumnies by what they entertain one another with in that Place, and we were now altogether very good Company. There were indeed a few, in whoſe Looks there appeared an Heavenly Joy and Gladneſs upon the Entrance of a new Day, as if they had gone

(Price Two Pence.)